

CAMPYRE STORIES

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

Last Despairing Effort of a Tunnel Digger Gains Him Liberty.

Among the remarkable means adopted by the prisoners in the civil war to escape were their tunnels, marvels of ingenuity and perseverance. The ground around the southern prisons at Andersonville, Salisbury, Savannah, Danville and Macon was fairly honeycombed with tunnels that were rarely pushed to successful completion.

When everything was seemingly propitious and the prisoners were only waiting for a stormy night on which to remove the final cap of earth and rush forth to freedom, some accident was almost sure to happen, blocking all their well laid plans, as when at Savannah a straying cow pushed her ill omened foot through a tunnel which the imprisoned federal had carried far beyond the stockade that inclosed the prison yard.

The most wonderful of all these ventures was the tunnel that was burrowed out of Libby prison in 1864, by which 109 union officers escaped, says the Sunday Magazine. The success of the enterprise was due wholly to the indomitable energy and unfailing optimism of two men, Col. Thomas E. Rose, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Infantry, and Maj. A. G. Hamilton, of the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry. They began operations with two case knives, by means of which they removed bricks enough from a fireplace to gain access to a seldom frequented chamber in the cellar of the prison.

So foul and noisome was this dungeon that it was known as the "rat hell." Here in a nauseating atmosphere of sewer gas, the two men, with the assistance of as many of their comrades as they thought prudent to admit into the secret, burrowed out under the foundations in an attempt to reach a sewer which they knew communicated with a nearby canal. The work seemed to be advancing favorably; but they had sunk their tunnel below the level of the canal, and the water suddenly broke through, almost drowning Rose. Undaunted, they stopped the flow and



His Head Emerged into the Night.

began a second attempt. This time they ran too near the surface, and the earth caved in. Fortunately the officials of the prison attributed the hole to rats, and the prisoners were left unmolested to start a third tunnel.

All the party, except Rose and Hamilton, now gave up in despair; but these two intrepid spirits never lost hope. Abandoning the idea of reaching the canal, they directed their fourth tunnel toward a yard opposite the prison. Gradually those who had given up began to return. For 17 nights (they had already wasted 39 on the other tunnels) they worked in three shifts, with a broken shovel, two case knives and a small wooden box in which the earth was removed. Only one man could dig at a time. The others were busy scattering the earth on the floor and covering it up with straw, and fanning air in to the workers by means of a rubber blanket stretched on a frame.

The last two nights Rose spent the entire time in the tunnel himself, doing twice as much work as had previously been accomplished by the three shifts. On the last night he abandoned the horizontal and struck upward for the surface. Powerful man though he was, his strength had been sapped by his unremitting labor in the foul atmosphere. He felt himself fainting; but he was too weak to make his way back 53 feet to the cellar. The shovel dropped from his grasp, and with the last effort of despair he turned on his back and drove his hands upward against the roof. The earth gave way before him, and his head emerged into the night, just as the sentinel on the other side of the street called out, "Half-past one, and all's well!"

His Military Career.

A certain officer who had by no means distinguished himself in the South African war, says Tilt-Bits, retired from the service and built himself a villa in a remote spot on the coast of Devonshire. He was showing it to a friend one day, and remarked:

"The only difficulty I have is about a name for the house. I should like to hit upon something suitable, something appropriate to my military career, you know."

"I see," replied his friend. Then why not call it 'The Retreat'?"

JOKE THAT HIT THE JOKERS.

The Soldiers Washed the Cloth All Right.

During the American civil war several northern soldiers were talking together one day just before the advance upon Corinth, says a writer in Philadelphia Ledger. A tall, ungainly raw recruit stepped up to them with a bundle of soiled clothes in his hand. "Do you know where I can get this washing done?" he asked.

Two of the group were practical jokers. A bright thought flashed into their heads, and, as the sequel shows, unfortunately found expression. "Oh, yes, we know. Just go up there with your bundle," pointing to the headquarters of General Grant. "You will see a short, stout man"—describing the general—"who does washing. Take your bundle to him." The recruit thanked them and walked off in the direction indicated.

He gained entrance to headquarters and stood in the general's presence. "What can I do for you?" said General Grant. "I was directed here by a couple of soldiers. They told me that you did washing, and I have a bundle here." General Grant probably enjoyed the situation, but his imperturbable face did not relax. He simply asked the question, "Could you identify these men again?" "Yes, sir," "Very well; you shall have the chance."

Turning to an orderly he directed him to call a guard, go with the recruit to where the jokers were standing, ready to enjoy his discomfiture, and let him identify them.

"Take the men to the guardhouse, give them this man's bundle of clothes and make them wash it thoroughly. See that the work is done well." The general was obeyed to the letter.

REPORTING AT HEADQUARTERS.

Predicament of a Young Private Who Had Been Stealing Haversacks.

"If the cap fits, wear it," runs the old adage. Sometimes the knowledge that it might easily fit cannot be concealed by the conscious ill-doer, and he publicly confesses his guilt. Mr. Frank Wilkeson, the author of "Recollections of a Private Soldier," had an experience of this nature. He was scarcely more than a lad, a young private in the civil war, when the incident occurred.

On the fourth day of the battle of Cold Harbor the captain delivered to me an order to repair at once to headquarters and report to Adjutant General Williams. My heart sank. I had been stealing haversacks; I had been impudent to officers; I had been doing lots of things I ought not. Now for it!

"This ends my career," I thought. The captain said, "Wash up, get a horse, and accompany the orderly." I ignored the first portion of the order, but obtained a horse, and rode off, slouch-hatted, blouseless and supremely dirty. I had full belief I was to be severely punished. Certain sheep weighed heavily on my conscience. I ransacked my memory and dragged forth all my military misdeeds. I knew I must at least be court-martialed. I concluded finally that I should not escape with less than shooting.

I asked the orderly if General Williams was very savage-tempered. He replied that the general was the kindest man in the army, and I felt a little reassured. At last I burst out with:

"See here, what do you suppose he wants of me? I've been disobeying orders, stealing haversacks, and been impudent to some of the incompetent officers."

The orderly laughed loudly. "When we reached General Williams' tent I was really frightened half out of my senses, and I strode in, hat on my head. The handsome general smiled kindly at me, and asked me to be seated. How I wished I had washed and brushed the dirt off! He asked me many questions. I grew confidential, and finally confessed my fright and my sins. The general tried to look severe, but he had to laugh. When I had finished he said, pleasantly:

"You are not going to be shot; your crimes hardly deserve that. I have sent for you to tell you you are appointed second lieutenant to the Fourth regiment of the United States artillery. Get your discharge, and come to me if you need money to travel with, or for clothes."

He was so gracious to me, a dirty private, that my eyes filled with tears. I could not speak to thank him, and I came very near to crying outright.

His Only Escape.

There is a story often told to illustrate the manner in which President Lincoln was besieged by commission-seekers. Hearing that a brigadier general and his horse had been captured, and the general taken to Richmond, he asked eagerly about the horse.

"The horse!" exclaimed his informant. "You want to know about the horse?"

"Yes," said Lincoln. "I can make a brigadier any day, but the horse was valuable."

To this John Russell Young, in his memoirs, adds a similar tale. He was calling upon Lincoln one day at the White House.

"I met So-and-so on the steps," he remarked.

"Yes," replied the President. "I have just made his son a brigadier."

"A general!" exclaimed Mr. Young, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Mr. Lincoln, with a great weariness. "You know I must have some time for something else."

Latest Kansas Events.

Pamphlets for Teachers.

If the elements of agriculture were taught in the rural schools, the boys and girls would grasp some idea of the beauty and utility of a scientific education for the farm; farming would take on some of the dignity of an intellectual calling and boys and girls would come to the hour of choosing a vocation with an attitude of mind that would enable them to give farming a "square deal." The Kansas Agricultural College has started a propaganda for the introduction of this subject into the schools of Kansas. To advance this cause the superintendent of Agricultural College Extension of the agricultural college has been for two years addressing teachers' institutes and associations, urging the introduction of this subject into the schools, and sending others of the college faculty to such meetings. Now the extension department of the college proposes to print and issue free to teachers six pamphlets on this subject. They will be issued monthly beginning October 1, 1907.

The Rent a First Lien.

According to a recent decision by the Kansas supreme court, when a tenant on a farm sells the corn raised thereon to another, who has notice that the rent has not been paid to the landlord, such landlord may sue the purchaser to the extent of the rent unpaid, because of the landlord's lien for rent. It further decides that where a purchaser knows that the land is rented, it is his duty to inquire and find out if the rents have been paid, and if after inquiry he finds that the rents have not been paid, he buys the crop at his peril, and can be made to pay the value thereof to the landlord.

Earning Their Way.

Over 43 per cent of the students who were in the university of Kansas last year are wholly or partly self-supporting. Of the men, 55 per cent are classed as self-supporting or partly so. The percentage of women students who pay their own expenses is a fraction over 20. It is estimated that 100 students earned their way during the year. Most of the self-supporting students, however, either saved their expenses before entering the university or earned their expense money during the summer vacation.

Little Homesteading.

Homesteading had almost run its course in Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma. During the past three months only about 1,500 persons made homestead entries on public land there. A few years ago that many entries would have been made in most any one of the dozen or so land offices of that section. The greatest activity now is shown in southwestern Kansas and western Oklahoma, the land offices at Dodge City and Woodward alone showing more entries than all the other land offices combined.

400 Miles in a Canoe.

A canoe voyage of 400 miles with St. Louis as the objective point and to cover the Marais des Cygnes, the Ozark and the Missouri rivers was begun from Ottawa by Professor Richard Freeman and William U. Moore of the University of Kansas, who shipped their specially constructed canvas craft to Ottawa by express.

Charity for Railroads.

Within 30 minutes a fund of \$400 was raised at Fort Scott to purchase four and one half acres of land adjoining the Missouri Pacific shops to present to that company. Property owners refused to permit the shops to dump refuse and citizens took up the matter of furnishing land for this purpose.

Saline County's Divorce Record.

From January 1, 1887, to January, 1907, there were 3,166 marriages performed in Saline county. During that time there were 480 divorces. This means that about one couple out of every six married brought suit for divorce.

Bank at Scott City.

The First National bank of Scott City has been authorized to begin business. Its capital stock is \$25,000. A. S. Christy is president and R. B. Christy, cashier.

A New Geologist.

Prof. J. W. Beede of the department of geology at the university of Indiana, has been appointed acting state geologist of Kansas.

Prominent Veteran is Dead.

R. F. Millard, a long time resident of Wellington and prominent in Grand Army circles, died recently aged 74 years.

Tucker Writing a Book.

H. H. Tucker, Jr., secretary-treasurer and general manager of the Uncle Sam Oil company, now serving a three months jail sentence for slandering United States judges, is writing a book on the Standard Oil company and federal office holders.

Looking for Satisfaction.

A man in Downs is carrying a long knife up his sleeve for the newspaper writer who said there was no danger of chiggers in blue grass or white clover.

When a Man Leaves Kansas.

Occasionally a good man grows dissatisfied with Kansas, says the Seneca Tribune. The milk is too yellow or the honey too sweet, and he doesn't like them to flow over his land anyway. So he parts with his farm, sells his live stock and "other things too numerous to mention," and moves to Oklahoma. There he takes his good Kansas money and buys a farm which today is and tomorrow is not, because the wind has blown it away. Or he tries Colorado and slushes around in the mud irrigating a strip of bottom so narrow that a cow can't jump into the field because she jumps over it. Then he hears of Texas and goes down to hunt the bag of gold at the rainbow. In the day time he scratches sandbars out of his flesh and at night centipedes crawl over his face. When his money is all gone he begins to feel like he did the first night he ever stayed away from home. He yearns for good old Kansas and the yearn sticks in his throat and chokes him until tears come in his eyes. He would give a month's work to see the cows standing at the bars on his old Kansas farm and hear the horn blow for supper. Memory is a marvelous painter and paints best the things we love best. It pictures to the traveler the corn silking in the field he once owned, the wheat yellowing for the harvest, the clover stretching away in a carpet of red and green, richer than the rugs of Persians. It shows him the elms as they whispered to his children at play beneath them, points to the roses in the corner of the old rail fence, and in infinite detail paints a thousand things that touches the heart and proves its whimsical power. Happy is the man who wakes from sleep to find that he has wandered from Kansas only in his dreams.

Plows 40 Acres a Day.

The first steam plow in Saline county has just been sold to Will Johnson, who lives four miles west of Salina. The plow has 12 disks which can be set so to cut 12 furrows. When running 2 1/2 miles an hour it will plow 30 acres in ten hours. It was started in a hundred acre field at three o'clock Wednesday afternoon and Mr. Johnson finished the field Friday evening. He had two crews on and kept the plow running all night. Mr. Johnson said he would never bother with a common plow again. The plow turns the ground as well as a walking or sulky plow.

Planning a Picnic for Rural Carriers.

September 2 being Labor Day, and a legal holiday, the rural route carriers out of Winfield are planning to have a picnic on that day at Island Park, including all the carriers of Cowley county and those in Sumner and Kay county who are in reach and can come. That being the opening day of the old soldiers' reunion, the carriers are asking the executive committee of that organization to make this picnic a part of the first day's programme and attractions. They propose to extend the invitation to attend, not only to the carriers, but also to the patrons of the routes.

District Y. P. C. U. Elects Officers.

The district convention of the Young People's Union of the United Brethren Church of Southeastern Kansas which was in session in Pittsburg, elected these officers: President, R. H. Bennett of Iola; vice president, G. W. W. Atkinson of Pittsburg; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Nellie Ayling of Toronto; recording secretary, Miss Mabel Waggoner of Parsons; treasurer, M. L. Vezie, of Iola; junior superintendent, Mrs. C. V. Borch of Pittsburg.

Fire at Haskell Institute.

One of the school building at the Haskell Indian Institute burned with a loss of \$15,000. The only thing saved was the piano. The fire started in the printing office, which had been locked for a month. The printing plant was a total loss. There is no clew to the origin of the fire. The government does not carry insurance.

A Real Treasure is Lake McKinney.

The water in the reservoir at Lakin is 27 feet deep, sufficient to irrigate thousands of acres should it be needed in August. For more than six weeks the ditches have been full of water every day and the beets have been watered from one to three times. The sugar produced this fall ought to sweeten the whole state of Kansas.

Blame Railroads for Loss.

At a recent meeting of the board of trustees of the Salina Chautauqua association it developed that an even \$100 was lost on the assembly. The railroads are blamed for the loss, as they refused to give the usual reduced rate excursions.

Gray County Celebrates.

Gray county has celebrated its 20th birthday anniversary at Cimarron by a large picnic and varied programme of speeches, sports, etc. It was on July 30, 1887 that the first board of county commissioners of Gray county met for the first time and the county began its official existence.

Fort Hays Normal Contract Let.

The contract for the new buildings, additions to the Fort Hays state normal school have been awarded to E. F. A. Clark of Topeka, for \$36,000.

TOLD OF OLD-TIME HEALERS.

When Gold-Headed Cane Was Indispensable Paraphernalia.

A gold-headed cane used to be considered a necessary part of the physician's outfit, as indispensable to the profession as the medicine bag or the general air of wisdom. In the rooms of the London College of Physicians there is preserved a gold-topped staff, which is famous as having been carried by a succession of prominent doctors whose lives extended over a period of nearly a century and a half. Dr. William Macmichael has published an account of it in a quaint little book in which the story of the various owners and their characteristics is told.

The cane originally belonged to the great Dr. Radcliffe, of the seventeenth century. The doctor himself rather quick as to temper, was once treated to a biting bit of repartee. Radcliffe's garden adjoined the grounds of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the king's chief painter. A door in the wall made easy communication between his majesty's doctor and the artist. Some of the doctor's workmen, however, littered up the artist's beautiful flower beds and aroused his anger. He sent word that if the thing continued he would have the door bricked up.

"Sir Godfrey can do what he pleases with that door so long as he doesn't paint it!" retorted Dr. Radcliffe.

"Did my good friend say that?" remarked Sir Godfrey, when the slap at his profession was repeated to him. "Well, go tell him that I'll take anything from him but physic."

The cane passed in succession from Dr. Radcliffe's hands to those of Mead, Askew, Pitcairn and Baillie, all famous in their day and generation. Of Baillie the following incident is told:

He was a gentle and patient physician by nature, but his immense practice and crowded hours sometimes made him hasty with the importunate.

At one time, after listening to a long story of her ailments from a lady who was so little ill that she intended to go to the opera that night, the doctor left the room with a sigh of relief. He had just got downstairs when he was called back.

"Doctor," feebly asked the lady, "may I, on my return to-night, eat a few oysters?"

"Yes, madam," roared the doctor, "shells and all."—Youth's Companion.

Some English Stage Records.

By appearing 600 times in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson have achieved a feat they may well be proud of, but they are still far from rivaling the long distance records of some of their predecessors on the stage.

Mr. Penley personated "Charley's Aunt" 1,466 times in London. Mr. Hawtrey appeared more than 1,000 times in "The Private Secretary," and Mr. James convulsed the house 1,362 times in "Our Boys." Auguste van Blene's appearances in "A Broken Melody" now number several thousand, and "Dorothy" and "A Chinese Honeymoon" can furnish several records far exceeding 600 performances of the same role.

In older times Shiel Barry and John Howson played the part of the miser in "Les Cloches de Corneville" thousands of times, and Patty Oliver sang "Pretty See-usan" 1,775 times at the Royalty in the late '60s.—Westminster Review.

How to Get Rid of Prejudices.

There is nothing like getting well acquainted to knock erroneous notions out of people's minds. At least two-thirds of the complications of the past which led to serious disagreement, if not to open hostility, have been traceable to the differences due to distance and lack of close intercourse. Modern methods, which by means of steamship and cable lines are bringing everybody into touch, are steadily doing away with causes of misunderstanding. Intelligent and unbiased men and women, no matter what their own beliefs, political, religious and social, who travel about the world and learn to know the natives of other regions, have most of their prejudices removed and find that there is a great common humanity where all can meet on fairly equal terms.

Wanderings of a Seagull.

On Oct. 28 last there was shot at Oushy, on Lake Leman, a seagull, aged about 16 months, which was found to be wearing on its claw a silver ring engraved with the words "Vogel Station, Rossiten 20." Rossiten is situated on the edge of the Courland lagoon, between Konigsberg and Memel, in the Baltic, 1,500 kilometers from the Lake of Geneva. M. Florel, of Lausanne, communicated with Dr. J. Thienemann, director of the ornithological station at Rossiten. According to the latest notes the full No. 29 was hatched there and was marked with the ring when a few weeks old, before it could fly, on July 4, 1906. It seems probable that it had thus made two winter migrations before it fell a victim to the human barbarian.—New York Herald.

In Days of Old.

Cain washed up to the fig tree in a fever of excitement.

"Oh, pa," he exclaimed, breathlessly, "I just saw a pterodactylus catch a big glyptodon and swallow him whole."

Father Adam shook his head.

"Better be careful, my son," he warned, "or some one will accuse you of being a nature faker."

For even in those days it was not wise to exaggerate about the habits of big game.

For Better or Worse.

A census-taker made his rounds in an isolated village. He gave one of his official papers to a woman that she might fill in the required answers. One of the questions, instead of reading "Married or single," had it "Condition as to marriage." The woman filled in the answer thus:

"Awful hard up before. Wuss after."

That an article may be good as well as cheap, and give entire satisfaction, is proven by the extraordinary sale of DeLancey Starch, each package containing one-third more starch than can be had of any other brand for the same money.

Passive.

Bill—Did you say he has horse sense?

Jill—No; why, he hasn't even got mule sense. I never knew him to kick in his life!—Yonkers Statesman.

Growth of New York.

New York city is now growing at the rate of about 415 persons each day.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A golden bit makes none the better horse.



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